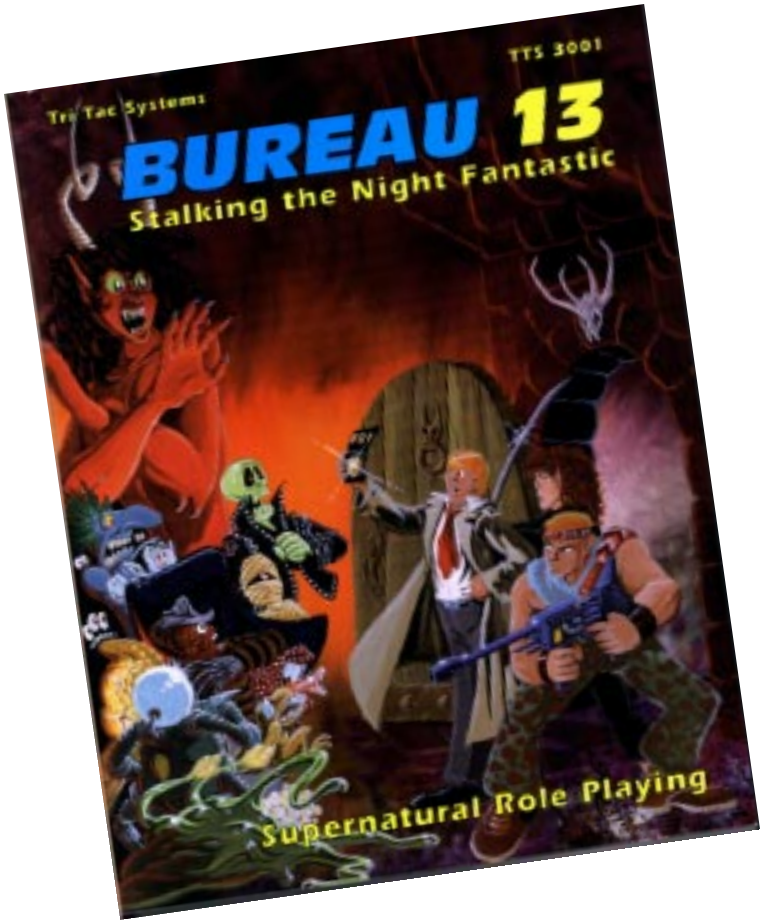
There are Great Deals From Tri Tac Games Direct to the Gamer.



B13 Scenario -- Troll's Night Out

SCENARIO PACKS

This is the first Scenario that TTG offers to Games. It is designed to be used with Tri Tac's Bureau 13 or may adapted for use with other systems providing the source material retains the copyright information.

THEMES

The theme of this scenario borders on the Strong Adult. It contains simulated language, characters and grim situations that can be considered Horror. This scenario is recommended for those 14 or older.

Tri Tac is an equal opportunity employer that makes no differentiation on race, origin, species or any other tag that says people just aren't people so don't read anything into our support material that just isn't intended. Tri Tac does not support Drug Use, Gangs, Trolls or Human Stupidity in any way shape or form. If you find this offensive then please download it to disk and feel free to burn the disk. Burn as many as you wish. Just remember that If this scenario is not to your standards then just don't play it or run it for your Gamers.

Notification and License for Use

This copy of the Bureau 13 Scenario Troll's Night Out is intended for use of the GM and may not be reproduced for resale in any shape or form.

More Adventures

If you like this adventure feel free to create and submit more to Tri Tac Games. We will be posting more adventures as time goes on. We want gamers to create more free Scenarios for the web and will be happy to host the best as well as link to them.

Production Notes:

This PDF may be changed or upgraded. The current version is:

1.00 January 2001

Scenario Design Rich Tucholka

Tri Tac Game B13 Troll's Night Out PDF © 2001 by Tri Tac Games and Richard Tucholka.

www.TRITACGAMES.com
Tucholka@Hotmail.com

Story by Rich Tucholka
Graphics Bureau Archives
© 2001 Tri Tac Games

TROLL'S NIGHT OUT

It started with the interception of a priority transmission between the Toledo Police and the FBI in Washington DC.

It wasn't that violent crime was new to Toledo. It was the fact that there were four murders in a six block area and each of the bodies had been decapitated and the head jammed on a pole.

Arrival

On arrival at 11 AM, agents with false FBI ID's will be escorted to the office of detective Frank Tobin who oversees the more violent crimes. Frank is distraught over the death of the officer and will cooperate unless agents act in an inappropriate manner.

The Victims

The head of the first victim was identified as Jason Granderson, a 26 year old drug dealer with a long police record.

Clues

Close examination shows the head was jammed on the broken end of a wall mount flag pole. Green and orange tatters still cling to the pole. This is a first clue.

The Second Head

The second head belonged to Detective Hank Worton who was working narcotics for the Toledo Police Department. He had been working undercover to trace a Crack Cocaine pipeline that stretched from Toledo to Detroit.

Forensic testing shows the heads were severed by a machete-like blade. Analysis indicates that both heads coated with traces of Cocaine and machine oil. Little else is available as all of the bodies are missing.

As detectives were investigating the deaths of the first two, a second pair of severed heads was found between two houses on Yates street, a half mile away. Again the bodies were missing. One of the heads could easily be identified as Carlos Sanchez, a local known to police as Hop Head Carlos, a drug dealer with a criminal record. The second was a student from the University of Toledo. Again, these heads were planted on fence posts.

The Flag

With careful research and a check of flag manufacturers the agents will find two still in Toledo. The first is The Flag and Banner Store on Woodruff Avenue, an importer of polyester flags and decorative banners. This operation is only a few years old, and they do not deal in hand crafted or silk flags. In fact, the owner is a little nervous and seems to be hiding information from agents. Derek Somtag is afraid his importation of flags and Asian Brass will lead to knowledge that he is smuggling Jade into the Port of Toledo. The second business is a small shop called Toledo Flag.

The Flag Shop

Toledo Flag is nearly a century old and has always been on Cherry street It is a family run business fallen on hard times. The single proprietor of the shop is a wizened man named Jake Rabinowitz. Jake is friendly to the agents and will carefully look at the craftsmanship, colors and design of the fragment. He will tell the agents to help themselves to a pot of really foul coffee and head upstairs to look through records. After a half hour he will return with a yellowed file and the description of a flag once used at the Bellmont Hotel. The flag dates from 1927 and was manufactured by his father.

"The Bellmont flew this flag until 1956 when the hotel was sold and converted into apartments," he tells the agents. "I remember as a boy, my father pointing to the building as 20 of these flew across the front." "I remember the Bellmont, four stories of 1920's luxury that was such a beautiful hotel. The train station was just across Mulberry Park. It was an easy walk."

Visiting the Bellmont

The Bellmont is now a shambles. Long abandoned and used by local gangs and the homeless, it is rotting. The city has placed a chain link fence around it and tried to seal it off with little success. Adding to the problem is legal difficulty with the holding company that owns it and a lack of city funding have stalled demolition indefinitely.

Psychic Impressions

There is something cold about the building. It is more than abandonment and a few murders in the 60's. It is as if it is a long term home for something paranormal. It will take 5 hours to completely perform a detailed inspection of the building. The feelings are strongest in the basement where there is a large hole in the concrete.

Investigating the Hole

With special equipment, a hoist and lights, an agent can be lowered nearly 60 feet into a cavern below. The structure has been filling with seepage and is littered with paper, rags and bones of goats and humans. The owners have moved on.

Real History

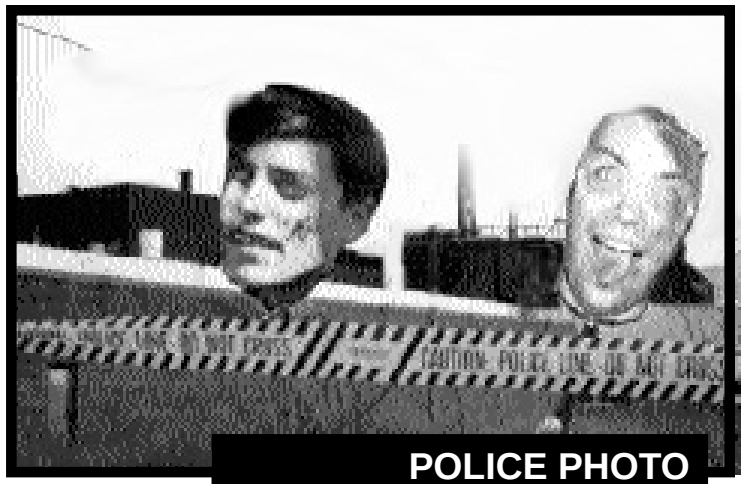
"Vas is dis? A deep hole that smells of rotting meat where we are concreting a basement floor?" Yanush was hot and tired. The least thing he wanted to do was cart a lot of rock and clay to fill a deep hole. The big Sweed who stood by his side took a step backwards and wrinkled his nose. "I smell dat at home." he muttered, "Real bad."
"Get me some wood Lars!" Yanush pointed to a pile of wood scraps. "Pack it over wit clay and they will cover it wit concrete tomorrow. Nobody will know."

They couldn't have guessed that their quick fix on the problem would seal the owners of the hole into a deep slumber until the concrete cracked, wood rotted, and cold seepage woke the sleepers.

The year was 1919. Newspaper stories talked about a farmer named Noah Watson who vanished along with eight goats.

The Police

Toledo police have no idea what is going on and any help from Federal Agencies will be welcomed with the information they have as well as a few cups of coffee and use of their forensics and crime labs. They don't often get heads stuck on poles at crime scened and would like to quickly solve this one.



POLICE PHOTO
Heads Mounted on Pole in Toledo Train Yard

The Trolls Point of View

Detective Worton knew Jason had scored a full kilo of cocaine and was set to deliver. As things can go wrong, they did. Jason became convinced Worton was going to rip him off and took a shot at the detective. At that point the drug dealer's gun jammed and he fled across the fog shrouded railroad yard. In the ensuing chase and fight they both landed on the tracks. That they ran smack into the Trolls was fate. That they froze in disbelief at the sight of the monsters and then realized they were in the path of the Detroit-Toledo Amtrak Passenger Express was also fate. Fate is never a kind mistress when caught between Trolls and 120 tons moving at 70 miles an hour. Cuffed together, Jason went one way and Worton the other. In their haste they both re-decided to go the other way. The Trolls were fascinated by this ballet of going nowhere fast. The net result was that the passing train killed both humans.

Trolls know a Rumbling God when they see one. They also rarely pass up a free offering when they are hungry. The subsequent ingestion of a near kilo of cocaine left them with a taste for the drug. Trolls have a wonderful sense of smell and can track larger quantities for several blocks.

Small Riot

That night all hell breaks loose on George street as most of a neighborhood calls 911. The battle is over in less than 5 minutes and the police are there in 10. Twelve members of the Gold Chain Posse are the worse for wear.

Neighbors are yelling about a running battle as a rival gang attacked the crack house and left eight of the Possee decapitated. The house has been shot up and there are weapons, money, and drugs scattered across the front room. This time the bodies are present and it is obvious that they were hacked to death. While blood and limbs are scattered everywhere, there is little trace of the attackers. The one surviving gang member has lost an arm but is alive. With fast thinking and a tourniquet, he will live to tell agents what happened.

Cleon's Story

Cleon Jones is in Toledo General Hospital in guarded condition. He has had an arm amputated and is leg cuffed to his bed. A police guard sits outside. The guard is of the Hospital-Cop variety and easy to send away for coffee. Cleon is awake and afraid but will start talking.

Scandanavian STONE TROLL

STR	75
CON	80
DEX	40
INT	30
WIZ	60
AGL	60
ACC	50
THR	10
DOD	30
PIE	80
MRE	60%
HPT	175
BODY ARMOR	180
BANE	Sunlight

d100 Damage per Minute

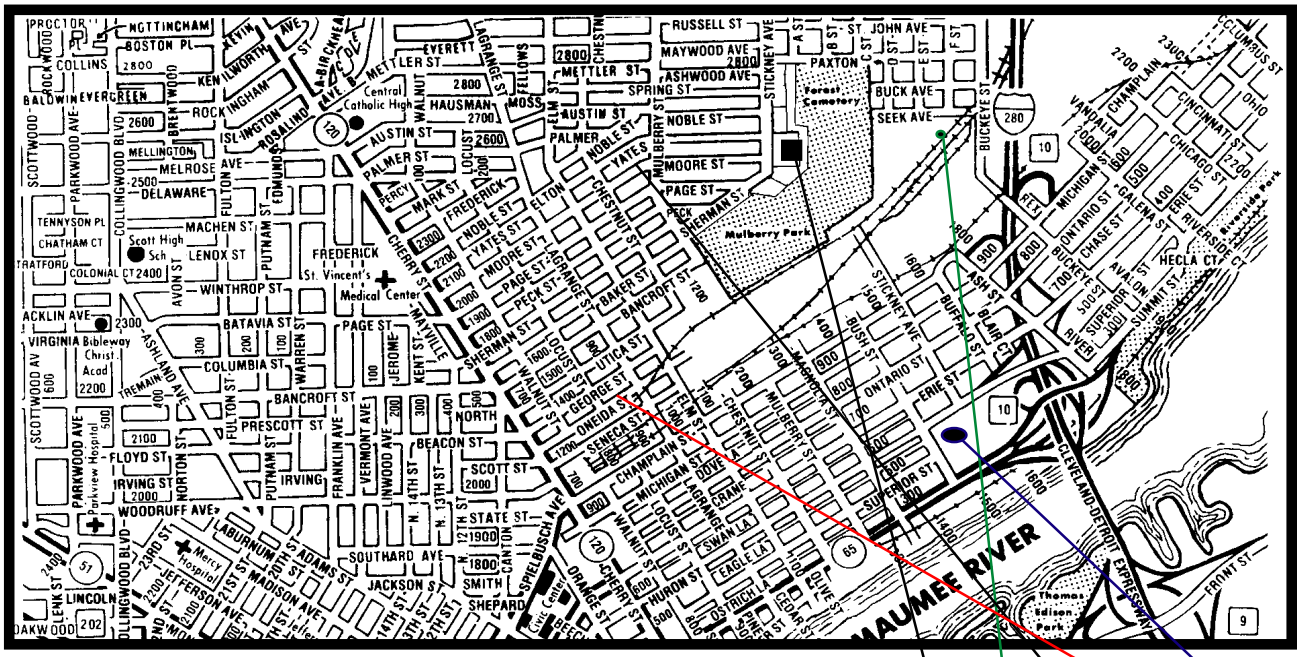
*"Tell you what happened? Man, can't you see they chopt my motherF*ckin' arm off? Ok...Sh*t, man. Ok...straight up: These big grey motherf*ckers don't even knock on my goddamn doe, and they just bust down my motherf*ckin' doe, and come inta my goddamn house like'n dey owns da motherf*ckin' place, an' den dey pull out some big fuckin' huge motherf*ckin' knives an' start cuttin' on me an' my boys, see. We hit 'em wif'da nines, but it was like they was goddamn Superman—you know what I'm sayin? Da nines dint even stop' em, man. It was like da shots we was firin' was like fleas on a motherf*ckin' dog! Den dey musta hit me an' knockt my ass out, and dat's when dey musta chopt off my motherf*ckin' arm. NOW, can I see a motherf*ckin' lawyer?"*

Interruption

At this point more members of the Gold Chain Posse, East Side, will appear at the door and attempt to talk to Cleon. Their mission is to get another gang's name so they can do an immediate drive-by to revenge their brothers. These gang members may be better armed than the Bureau agents.

The leader of the group, Dunk, already believes that the Crips or the Latino Lords are responsible. He has three carloads of gang members waiting to do a hit on the other gangs. All he has to do is use his cell phone to start the attack.

At this point Cleon has passed out and is being rushed into surgery.



Gang War

Bureau Agents must decide to avoid the gangs or attempt to use them for information and allies.

Numbers

By this time agents will probably realize that they must bait the trolls. From neighborhood witnesses and Cleon comes the realization that there may be as many as six of the creatures and they are amazingly tough and deadly when provoked.

Finding the Troll Warren

Now the problem is to set up bait. This is easily done with goats, their fur laced with drugs. The Bureau has the cameras and the gangs have the drugs. Without incident or error, or problems with the police, it will take a few days to pinpoint thetroll warren.

Tired of their damp surroundings, the Trolls have found new lodging in an abandoned steel plant. Old coal bunkers, now sealed for decades are an ideal spot to set up housekeeping and stay out of the light of the sun.

Area Key

A Bellmont
B First Heads
C Second Heads
D Crack House
E Old Foundry

Solutions

The choices are simple: either eliminate the Trolls by sealing them in their new warren or destroy them. Only a few Bureau operatives speak fluent Troll, so communication will not be easy. Talking to them may spark racial hostility as a Troll never trusts a human. Remember that the drugs have crazed them into even more powerful monsters, and it is doubtful that Bureau 13 will fund a drug Rehab program for Trolls.

Combat

Short of a direct hit with a mini-missile or an application of high explosives, it will take nearly 180 points of damage to punch through a Rock Trolls hide. A better solution is Elephant Tranquilizers packed into a few live goats.

Complications

The gangs start a war, the police get involved, the DEA steps in, the Mafia decides to take a cut, the goats escape, and after sealing them in the bunker, the agents realize that the building is set for demolition in a year.

For a clean solving of the situation experience for the group should be around 1000 points.